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The Testament of CRESSEID,

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THE
Testament of Cresseid.

ANE dolie sessoun to ane sairfull dyte
Suld correspond, and be equivalent.
Richt sa it wes quhen I began to wryte
This tragedie, the wedder richt feruent
Quhen Aries in middis of the Lent
Schouris of haill can fra the North discend
That scantlie fra the cauld I micht defend.

CZit neuertheles within myne Oratur
I studie, quhen Titan had his beuis bricht
Withdrawin down, and sylit vnder cure
And fair Venus the bewtie of the nicht
Uprais, and set vnto the west full richt
Hir goldin face in oppositioun
Of God Phebus direct discending doun.

CThrow out the glas hir beuis brast sa fair
That I micht se an euerie syde me by
The Northin wind had purifyit the Air
And sched the mistie cloudis fra the sky,
The froist freisit the blastis bitterly
Fra Pole Artick come quhisling loud and schill,
And caulit me remuke aganis my will.

CFor I traistit that Venus luifis Queue
To quhome I vsit daylie seruice,
My faidit hart of luse scho wald mak grene,
And therupon with humbill reuerence,
I thocht to pray hir hie Magnificence,
Bot for greit cald as than I lattit was
And in my Chalmer to the fyre can pas,

Thocht

¶ Thocht lufe be hait, zit in ane mannis breist
It kendillis nocht sa lone as in zouthheid,
Of quhome the blude is flowing in ane rage,
And in the auld the curage doikand deid:
Of quhilk the fyre outward is best remeid
To help be Phisike quhair that nature faillit
I am expert, for baith I haue assaillit.

¶ I mend the fyre and beikit me about
Than tuik ane drink my spreitis to conforte
And armit me weill fra the cauld thairout
To sut the winter nicht and mak it schorte.
I tuik ane Quair and left all vther sport.
Writtin be worthie Chaucer glorious
Of fair Creisseid, and worthie Troylus.

¶ And thair I fand efter that Diomeid
Resauit had that Lady bricht of hew.
How Troilus neir out of wit abraid,
And weipit soir with visage paill of hew,
For quhilk wanhope his teiris can renew
Quhill Esperus reioisit him agane
Thus quhyle in Joy he leuit quhyle in pane.

¶ Of hir behest he had greit comforting
Traisting to Troy that scho suld mak retour,
Quhilk he desyrit maist of eirdly thing
For quhy scho was his only Paramour.
Bot quhen he saw passit baith day and hour
Of hir ganecome, than sorrow can oppres
His wofull hart in cair and peuines.

¶ Of his distres me neidis nocht reheirs,
For worthie Chaucer in the lamin buik
In gudelie termis, and in Joly veirs
Compylit hes his caitis, quha will luik.
To brek my sleip ane vther quair I tuik,

In

In quhilk I fand the fatall destenie
Of fair Creiseid, that endit wretchitlie.

¶ Quha wait gif all ȝ Chaucer wait was trew
Nor I wait nocht gif this narratioun
Be authoreist or fenzeit of the new
Be sum Poeit throw his Inuentioun
Maid to report the Lamentatioun
And wofull end of this infortune Creiseid,
And quhat distres scho thollit, and quhat deid.

¶ Quhen Diomeid had all his appetyte
And mair fulfillit of this fair Ladie
Upon ane vther he set his haill delyte
And send to hir ane Lybel of repudie
And hir excludit fra his companie.
Than dolorous scho walkit vp and doun,
And sum men sayis into the Court commoun.

¶ O fair Creiseid the flour and Perle
Of Troy and Grece, how was thow fortunait
To change in filth all thy Feminitie
And be with fleschelie lust so maculait
And go amang the Greikis air and lait
Sa giglotlike takand thy foull pleasance
I hane pietie thow suld sa lycht be mischance.

¶ Zit neuertheles quhat euer men deme or say
In scornefull langage of thy brukkilnes,
I sall excuse als far furth as I may
Thy womanheid, thy wisdome and fairnes
The quhilk Fortoun hes put to sic distres
As hir pleisit, and nathing throw the gilt
Of the, throw wrink langage to be spilt.

This fair Lady in this wyse destitute
Of all comfort, and consolatioun,
Richt pitifull but fellowschip or mute.

Dilagyit paſſit far out of the toun
Ane myle or swa, vnto ane Mansioun
Beildit full gay, quhair hir Father Calchas
Quhilk than amang the Grekis dwelland was.

Quhen he hir saw, the caus he can Inquyre
Of hir cumming, scho said sighing full soir
Fra Diomeid had gottin his desyre
He wox werie, and wald of me no moir.
Quod Calchas, douchter weip thow not thairfoir
Perauenture all cummis for the best,
Welcum to me, thow art full deir ane Gest.

¶ This auld Calchas, efter the Law was tho
Wes keiper of the Tempill as ane Preist
In quhilk Venus and hir Sone Cupido
War honourit, and his Chalmer was thame neist,
To quhilk Cresseid with baill anouch in breist
Vsit to pas, hir prayeris for to say
Quhill at the last, vpon ane Solempne day.

¶ As custome was, the pepill far and neir
Befoir the none, vnto the Tempill went,
With Sacrifice deuoit in thair maneir,
Bot still Cresseid, heuie in hir Intent
Into the Kirk wald not hir self present
For giuing of the pepill ony deming,
Of hir expuls fra Diomeid the King.

¶ Bot past into ane secreit Orature
Quhair scho micht weip hir wofull destany,
Behind hir bak scho cloisit fast the dure
And on hir kneis bair fell doun in by
Vpon Venus and Cupide angerly
Scho cryit out, and said on this same wyse,
Allace that euer I maid zow Sacrifice.

¶ Ze gaue me anis ane deuine responsaill,

That

That I suld be the flour of luik in Troy,
Now am I maid ane vnworthie outwaill
And all in cair translatit is my Joy,
Quha sall me gyde, quha sall me now conuoy
Sen I fra Diomeid and Nobill Troylus
Am clene excludit, as abiect odious.

¶ O fals Cupide is nane to wyte bot thow,
And thy Mother, of luke the blind Goddes,
Ze cau sit me alwayis vnderstand and trow
The seid of luke was sawin in my face,
And ay grew grene throw zour supplie and grace
Bot now allace that seid with froist is slane
And I fra luikeris left and all forlane.

¶ Quhen this was said doun in ane extasie
Rauischit in spreit intill ane dreame scho fell
And be apperance hard quhair scho did ly
Cupide the King ringand ane siluer bell,
Quhilk men micht heir fra heuin vnto hell
At quhais sound befoir Cupide appeiris
The seuin Planetis discending fra thair Spheiris.

¶ Quhilk hes power of all thing generabill
To reull and steir be thair great Influence,
Wedder and wind, and courlis variabill,
Saturne And first of all Saturne gaue his sentence
Quhilk gaue to Cupide litill reuerence,
Bot as ane busteous Churle on his maneir
Come crabitlie with auster luik and cheir.

¶ His face frounit, his lyre was lyke the Lead.
His teith chatterit, and cheuerit with the Chin,
His Ene drowpit, how sonkin in his heid
Out of his Nois the Weldrop fast can rin,
With lippis bla and cheikis leine and thin
The Ice schoklis that fra his hair doun hang
Was

Was wonder greit, and as ane speir als lang.

¶ Atouir his belt his lyart lokkis lay
Felterit vnkair, ouirkret with Froistis hoir,
His garmound and his gyis full gay of gray
His widdetit weid fra him the wind out woir,
Ane busteous bow within his hand he boir
Vnder his girdill ane flasche of felloun flanis
Fedderit with Ice, and heidit with hailstanis

¶ Than Juppiter richt fair and amiabill,
God of the Starnis in the Firmament,
And Nureis to all thing generabill
Fra his Father Saturne far different,
With burelie face, and brows bricht and brent
Upon his heid ane Garland wonder gay
Of flouris fair as it had bene in May

Jupitar.

¶ His voice was cleir, as Cristall wer his Ene
As goldin wyre sa glitterand was his hair,
His garmound and his gyis full of grene
With goldin listis gilt on euerie gair,
Ane burelie brand about his middill bair
In his richt hand he had ane groundin speir,
Of his Father the wraith fra vs to weir.

¶ Nirt efter him come Mars the God of Ire,
Of strife, debait, and all dissensioun,
To chide and fecht, als feirs as ony fyre
In hard Harnes, hewmound and Habirgeoun,
And on his hanche ane roustie fell Fachioun,
And in his hand he had ane roustie sword
Wrything his face with mony angrie word.

Mars.

Schaikand his sword befoir Cupide he come
With reid visage, and grisslie glowrand Ene,
And at his mouth ane bullar stude of fome
Lyke to ane Bair quhetting his Tuskis kene,

Richt

Richt Tuilzeour lyke. but temperance in feus
Ane hozne he blew, with mony bolteous brag
Quhilk all this warld with weir hes maid to wag

Sol Phebus

¶ Than fair Phebus, Lanterne & Lamp of licht
Of man and beist, baith frute and flourisshing,
Cender Nureis, and banischer of nicht,
And of the warld causing be his mouing
And Influence, lyfe in all eirdlie thing
Without comfort of quhome, of force to nocht
Wald all gadie that in this warld is wrocht

¶ As king Royall he raid vpon his Chair
The quhilk Phaeton gydit sum tyme vpricht
The brichtnes of his face quhen it was bair
Nane micht behald for peirsing of his sicht,
This goldin Cart with fyrie bemis bricht
Four zokkit steidis full different of hew
But bait or tyring throw the Spheiris drew.

¶ The first was soyr, w Mane als reid as Rois
Callit Eoye into the Orient.
The secund steid to Mane hecht Ethios
Quhitlie and paill, and sum deill ascendent,
The thrid Peros, richt hait and richt feruent,
The feird was blak, callit Philologie
Quhilk rollis Phebus doun into the sey.

Venus

¶ Uenus was thair present that Goddes
Hir Sonnis querrell for to defend and mak
Hir awin complaint, cled in ane nyce arr ay,
The ane half greine, the vther half Sabill blak
Quhyte hair as gold kemmit and sched abak
Bot in hir face semit greit variance,
Quhyles perfyte treuth, and quhyles Inconstance.

¶ Under smyling scho was dissimulait,
Prouocatiue, with vrnais Amorous,

And

And ſuddanely changit and diſcrais,
Angrie as ony Serpent bennemous
Richt pungitiue, with wordis odious.
Thus variant ſcho was, quha lift tak keip
With ane Eye lauch, and with the vthe r weip.

¶In taikning that all ſtreſchelie Paramour
Quhilk Venus hes in reuit and gouernance,
Is ſum tyme ſweit, ſum tyme bitter and ſour
Richt vnſtabill, and full of variance
Mingit with cairfull Joy and ſals pleſance,
Now hait, now cauld, now blyith, now full of wa
Now grene as leif, now widderit and ago.

¶With buik in hand than come Mercurius
Richt Eloquent, and full of Rethorie,
With polite termis and delicious
With pen and Ink to report all reddis
Setting ſangis and ſang and merilie:
His Hude was reid he knit at ouir his Croun
Lyke to ane Poeit of the auld falloun.

Mercury

¶Boxis he bair with fyne Electuairis,
And ſugerit Syropis for digeſtioun
Spycis belangand to the Potheceiris
With mony hailſum ſweit Confectioun,
Doctour in Phiſick cled in ane Skarlot goun,
And furrit weill, as ſic ane aucht to be,
Honeſt and gude, and not ane word culd lie.

¶Nixt efter him come Lady Cynthia
The laſt of all, and ſwiftest in hir Spheir,
Of colour blak, buskit with hornis twa,
And in the nicht ſcho liftis hes kappeir.
Haw as the Leid, of colour nathing cleir
For all hir licht ſcho borrowis at hir brother
Titan, for of hir ſelf ſcho hes nane vther.

Luna

hir gyse was gray, and full of spottis blak,
And on hir breist ane Thrute patrone full enuy
Beirand ane bunche of Thornis on his bak
Quhilk for his thift micht clim na nar the heuin.
Thus quhe thay gaddevit war thir Goddes seuin
Mercurius thay chesit with ane assent
To be foirspeikar in the Parliament.

¶ Quha had bene thair, and liken for to heir
His facound toung, and termis exquisite,
Of Rethorick the prettick he micht leir
In breif Sermone ane pregnant sentence wryte
Befoir Cupide veiling his Capalyte.
Speiris the caus of that vocatioun
And he anone schew his Intentioun.

¶ Lo (quod Cupide) quha will blaspheme ȝ name
Of his awin God, outher in word in deid
To all Goddis he dois baith lak and schame.
And suld haue bitter panis to his meid.
I say this by ȝone wretchit Tresseid
The quhilk throw me, was sum tyme flour of lufe
Me and my Mother starklie can reproue.

¶ Saying of hir greit Infelicitie
I was the caus, and my Mother Venus,
Ane blind Goddes, hir cald that micht not se
With sclander and defame Iniurious,
Thus hir leuing vnclene and Lecherous
Scho wald returne on me and my Mother
To quhome I schew my grace abone all vther.

¶ And sen ȝe ar all seuin deificait
Participant of deuyne sapience,
This greit Iniurie done to our hie estait
Me think with pane we suld mak recompence,
Wrag neuer to Goddes done sic violence.

Aswell

Sa weill for zow, as for my self I say
Thairfoir ga help to reuenge I zow pray.

¶ Mercurius to Cupide gaue answeir
And said Schir King, my counsall is that ze,
Refer zow to the hieit Planeit heir,
And tak to him the laweſt of degre
The pane of Creſſeid for to moditie.
As God Saturne, with him tak Cynthia
I am content (quod he) to tak thay twa.

¶ Than thus proceidit Saturne and the Mone
Quhen thay the mater rypelie had degeſt,
For the diſpyte to Cupide ſcho had done.
And to Venus oppin and manifeſt.
In all hir lyfe with pane to be oppreſt
And torment ſair with ſeiknes Incurabill,
And to all louers be abhominabill.

¶ This duleful ſentence Saturne tuik on hand
And paſſit doun quhair cairfull Creſſeid lay,
And on hir heid he laid ane frostie wand,
Than lawfullie on this wyſe can he ſay
Thy greit fairnes and all thy bewtie gay
Thy wantoun blude, and eik thy goldin hair
Heir I exclude fra the for euermair.

¶ I change thy mirth into Melancholy,
Quhilk is the Mother of all penſiuenes,
Thy Moiſture and thy heit in cald and dry
Thyne Inſolence, thy play and wantones
To greit diſeis, thy Pomp and thy riches,
In mortall neid, and greit penuritie
Thow ſuffer ſall, and as ane beggar die.

¶ O cruell Saturne fraward and angrie
Hard is thy dome, and to malitious
On fair Creſſeid quhy hes thow na mercie

Quhilk was sa sweit, gentill and amorous
Withdraw thy sentence and be gracious
As thow was neuer, sa schawis thow thy deid
Ane wraikfull sentence geuin on fair Cresseid.

¶ Than Cynthia quhen Saturne past away
Out of hir sait discendit doun belyue,
And red ane bill on Cresseid quhair scho lay,
Contening this sentence diffinityue
Fra heit of bodie I the now depryue
And to thy seiknes sall be na recure
Bot in dolour thy dayis to Indure.

¶ Thy Cristall Ene minglit with blude I mak
Thy voice sa cleir vnplesand hoir and hace,
Thy lustie lyre ouirspred with spottis blak,
And lumpis haw appeirand in thy face
Quhair thow tumis, Ilk man sall fle the place.
This sall thow go begging fra hous to hous
With Cop and Clapper lyke ane Lazarous.

¶ This doolie dreame, this vglye visioun
Brocht to ane end Cresseid fra it awoik.
And all that Court and conuocatioun
Vanischit away, than rais scho vp and tuik
Ane poleist glas, and hir schaddow suld luik:
And quhen scho saw hir face sa defformait
Gif scho in hart was wa aneuch God wait.

¶ Weiping full fair, lo quhat it is (quod scho)
With fcaward langage for to mufe and steir
Our craibit Goddis, and sa is sene on me?
Wy blaspheming now haue I bocht full deir
All eirdlie Joy and mirth I set areir
Allace this day, allace this wofull tyde,
Quhen I began with my Goddis for to Chyde.

¶ Be this was said ane Chyld come fra the Hall

To

To warne Creſſeid the Supper was reddy,
Firſt knokkit at the dure, and syne culd call.
Madame zour Father biddis zow cum in by
He hes merweill ſa lang on grouſzely,
And ſayis zour prayers bene to lang ſum deill
The Goddis wait all zour Intent full weill.

¶ Quod ſcho fair Chyld ga to my Father dein
And pray him cum to ſpeik with me anone.
And ſa he did, and ſaid douchter quhat meine
Allace (quod ſcho) Father my mirth is gone.
How ſa (quod he) and ſcho can all expone
As I haue tauld the vengeance and the wraik
For hir treſpas, Cupide on hir culd tak.

¶ He luikit on hir vglye Lipper face,
The quhylk befor was quhite as Lillie flour
Wringand his handis oftymes he ſaid allace,
That he had leuit to ſe that wofull hour,
For he knew weill that thair was na ſuccour
To hir ſeiknes, and that dowblit his pane
Thus was thair cair aneuch betuix thame twane.

¶ Quhen thay togidder murnit had full lang,
Quod Creſſeid Father, I wald not be kend,
Thairfoir in ſecreit wyſe ze let me gang
Vnto zone Hoſpitall at the tounis end.
And thidder ſum meit for Cheritie me ſend
To leif vpon, for all mirth in this eird
Is fra me gane, ſic is my wickit weird.

¶ Than in ane Mantill and ane bawer Hat,
With Cop and Clapper wonder priuely,
He opnit ane ſecreit zet, and out thair at
Conuoyit hir, that na man ſuld eſpy,
Vnto ane Village half ane myle thairby,
Deliuerit hir in at the Spittaill hous,

And

And daylie lent hir part of his Almous.

¶Sum knew hir weill, & sum had na knawledge
Of hir becaus scho was sa deformait.
With bylis blak ouirspred in hir visage,
And hir fair colour faidit and alterait.
Yit thay presumit for hir hie regrait,
And still murning, scho was of Nobill kin:
With better will thairfoir they ruith hir in.

¶The day passit, and Phebus went to rest,
The Cloudis blak ouirquhelmit all the sky.
God wait gif Cresseid was ane sorrowfull Gest,
Seing thatvncouth fair and Harbery:
But meit or drink scho dressit hir to ly
In ane dark Corner of the Hous allone.
And on this wyse weiping, scho maid hir mone.

¶THE COMPLAINT OF CRESSEID.

OSOP of sorrow, sonkin into cair:
O Catiue Cresseid, for now and euer mair,
Gane is thy Joy and all thy mirth in Eird,
Of all blythnes now art thou blaiknit bair.
Thair is na Salue may saif the of thy sair,
Fell is thy Fortoun, wickit is thy weird:
Thy blys is baneist, and thy baill on dreird,
Under the Eirth, God gif I grauin wer:
Quhair nane of Grece nor zit of Troy micht heird.

¶Quhair is thy Chalmer wantounlie besene?
With burelie bed and bankouris browderit bene,
Spycis and Wyne to thy Collatioun,
The Cowpis all of gold and siluer schene:
The sweit Meitis, seruit in plaittis clene,
With Saipheron sals of ane gude sessoun:
Thy gay garment is with mony gudely Goun,

Thy

Thy pleſand Lawis pleuit with goldin ȝeiris:
All is areir, thy greit Royall Renoun.

¶ Quhair is thy garding with thir greiſſis gay,
And freiche Flowris, quhilk the Quene Flozay:
Had paintit pleſandly in euerie pane,
Quhair thou was wont full merilye in May,
To walk and tak the dew be it was day
And heir the Merle and Mawis mony ane,
With Ladyis fair in Carrolling to gane.
And ſe the Royall Rinkis in thair array:
In garmentis gay garniſchit on euerie grane

¶ Thy greit triumphand fame and hie honour
Quhair thou was callit of Eirdlye wichtis Flour.
All is decayit, thy weird is weiterit ſo.
Thy hie eſtait is turnit in darknes dour.
This Lipper Ludge tak for thy burelie Bour.
And for thy Bed tak now ane bunche of ſtro,
For waillit Wyne, and Meitis thou had tho,
Tak mowlit Breid, Perrie and Ceder ſour:
Bot Cop and Clappper, now is all ago.

¶ My cleir voice, and courtlie carrolling,
Quhair I was wont with Ladyis for to ſing.
Is rawk as Ruik, full hiddeous hoir and hace,
My pleſand port all vtheris precelling:
Of luſtines I was hald maiſt conding.
Now is deformit the Figour of my face,
To luik on it, na Leid now lyking hes:
Sowpit in ſyte, I lay with ſair ſiching,
Ludgeit amang the Lipper Leid allace.

¶ O Ladyis fair of Troy and Grece attend,
My miſerie, quhilk nane may comprehend.
My triuoll Fortoun, my Infelicitie:
My greit miſcheif quhilk na man can amend.

Be war

Be war in tyme approchis neir the end,
And in zour mynd ane mirrour mak of me:
As I am now, peraduenture that ze
For all zour micht may cum to that same end,
Or ellis war, gif ony war may be.

¶ Nocht is zour fairnes bot ane fading flour,
Nocht is zour famous laud and hie honour,
Bot wind inflat in vther mennis eiris.
Zour roising reid to rotting sall retour:
Exempill mak of me in zour Memour,
Quhilk of sic thingis wofull witnes beiris,
All Welth in Eird away as Wind it weiris.
Be war thairfoir, approchis neir the hour:
For tonn is sikkill, quhen scho beginnis & steiris.

THVS chydand with hir dzerie destenye,
Weiping, scho woik the nicht fra end to end.
Bot all in vane, hir dule, hir cairfull cry
Micht not remeid, nor zit hir murning mend.
Ane Lipper Lady rais and till hir wend,
And said: quhy spurnis thow aganis the Wall,
To sla thy self, and mend nathing at all.

Sen thy weiping dow billis bot thy wo.
I counsall the mak vertew of ane neid.
To leir to clap thy Clapper to and fro,
And leir efter the Law of Lipper Leid.
Thair was na buit, bot furth with thame scho zeid,
Fra place to place, quhill cauld and hounger fair:
Compellit hir to be ane rank beggair.

¶ That famin tyme of Troy the Garnisoun,
Quhilk had to Chiftane Worthie Troylus.
Thrzow Jeopardie of Weir had stribben doun
Knichtis of Gzece in number meruellous,
With greit tryumphe and Laudeblazious

Agane

Agane to Troy richt richt Royallie thay raid
The way quhair Cresseid with the Lipper baid.

¶ Seing that ropenie yai come all with ane steuin
Thay gaif ane cry, and schuik coppis gude speid.
Said worthie Lordis for goddis luse of Heuin,
Tobs Lipper part of zour Almous deid.
Than to thair cry Nobill Troylus tuik heid,
Hauing pietie, neir by the place can pas:
Quhair Cresseid sat, not witting quhat scho was.

¶ Than vpon him scho kest vp baith hir Ene,
And with ane blenk it come into his thocht,
That he sumtime hir face befoir had sene.
Bot scho was in sic plye he knew hir nocht,
Zit than hir luik into his mynd it brocht
The sweit visage and amorous blenking
Of fair Cresseid sumtyme his awin darling.

¶ Na wonder was, sippois in mynd that he
Tuik hir figure sa sone, and so now quhy.
The Idole of ane thing, in case may be
So deip imprentit in the fantasy:
That it deludis the wittis outwardly,
And sa appeiris in forme and lyke estait,
Within the mynd as it was figurait.

¶ Ane spark of luse than till his hart culd spring,
And kendlit all his bodie in ane fyre.
With hatt fewir ane sweit and trimbling
Him tuik, quhill he was reddie to expyre.
To beir his Scheild, his Bzeist began to tyre
Within ane quhyle he changit mony hew,
And neuertheles not ane amd vther knew.

¶ For knichtlie pietie and memoriall
Of fair Cresseid, ane Gyrdill can he tak.
Ane Purs of gold, and mony gay Jowall,

Ane pues of gold, and mony gay Jowall,
And in the skirt of Cresseid down can swak:
Than raid away, and not ane word spak.
Pensiwe in hart, quhill he come to the Toun,
And for greit cair oft syis almaist fell doun.

¶ The Lipper folk to Cresseid than can draw,
To se the equall distributioun
Of the Almous, bot quhen the gold thay saw.
Ilk ane to vther prewelie can roun,
And said zone Lord has mair affectioun
How euer it be, vnto zone Lazarous,
Than to vs all, we knaw be his Almous.

Quhat Lord is zone (quod scho) haue ze na feill
Hes done to vs so greit humanitie,
Zes (quod a Lipper man) I knaw him weill,
Schir Troylus it is, gentill and fre:
Quhen Cresseid vnderstude that it was he,
Stiffer than steill, thair stert ane bitter stound
Throwout hir hart, and fell doun to the ground.

¶ Quhen scho ouircome, with sighing sair & sad,
With mony cairfull cry and cald ochane.
Now is my breist with stormie stoundis stad,
Wrappit in wo, ane wretch full will of wane.
Than swounit scho oft or scho culd refrane,
And euer in hir swouning cryit scho thus:
O fals Cresseid and trew knicht Troylus.

¶ Thy lufe, thy lawtie, and thy gentilnes,
I counttit small in my prosperitie.
Sa eleuait I was in wantones,
And clam vpon the fickill quheill sa hie,
All Faith and Lufe I promissit to the.
Was in the self fickaill and friuolous:
O fals Cresseid, and trew knicht Troilus.

For lufe, of me thow keipt gude continence.

Hone

Honest and chaist in conuersatioun.
Of all Wemen protectour and defence
Thou was, and helpit thair opinioun.
My mynd in fleschelie foull affectioun
Was Inclynit to Lustis Lecherous:
Fy fals Cresseid, O trew knicht Troylus.

¶ Louers be war and tak gude heid about
Quhome that ze lufe, for quhome ze suffer paine.
I lat zow wit, thair is richt few thairout:
Quhome ze may traist to haue trew lufe agane:
Perfeik quhen ze will, zour labour is in vaine.
Thairfoir, I reid, ze tak thame as ze find:
For thay ar sad as Widdercok in Wind,

¶ Becaus I knaw the greit vnstabilnes
Brukkill as glas, into my self I say,
Traisting in vther als greit vnfaithfulnes:
As vnconstant, and als vntrew of fay.
Thocht sum be trew, I wait richt few ar thay,
Quha findis treuth let him his Lady ruse:
Nane but my self as now I will accuse.

¶ Quhē this was said, with Paper scho sat doun,
And on this maneir maid hir Testament.
Heir I beteiche my Corps and Carioun
With Wormis and with Taidis to be rent.
My Cop and Clapper and myne Ornament,
And all my gold the Lipper folk sall haue:
Quhen I am deid, to burie me in graue.

¶ This Royall Ring, set with this Rubie reid,
Quhilk Troylus in dowrie to me send.
To him agane I leif it quhen I am deid,
To mak my earefull deid wnto him kend:
Thus I conclude schortlie and mak ane end,
My Spreit I leif to Diane quhair scho dwellis.

To walk

To walk with hir in waist Woddis and Wellis.

¶ O Diomeid thou hes bath Bzothe and Welt,
Quhilk Troylus gaue me in takning
Of his trew luse, and with that wozd scho swelt.
And sone ane Lipper man tuik of the King,
Syne buryit hir withouttin tarying.
To Troylus furthwith the Ring he bair,
And of Cresseid the deith he can declair.

¶ Quhen he had hard hir greit infirmitie,
Hir Legacie and Lamentatioun.
And how scho endit in sic pouertie,
He swelt for wo, and fell doun in ane swoun,
For greit sozrow his hart to bzist was boun:
Sichingfull sadlie, said I can no moir,
Scho was vntrew, and wo is me thairfoir.

¶ Sum said he maid ane Tomb of Merbell gray,
And wzait hir name and superscriptioun,
And laid it on hir graue quhair that scho lay,
In goldin Letteris, conteining this ressoun:
Lo fair Ladyis, Cresseid, of Troyis Toun,
Sumtyme countit the flour of Womanheid.
Vnder this stane lait Lipper lyis deid.

¶ Now wozthie Wemen in this Ballet schozt,
Maid for zour wozschip and Instructioun,
Of Cheritie, I monische and exhozt,
Hing not zour luse with fals deceptioun.
Beir in zour mynd this schozt conclusioun
Of fair Cresseid, as I haue said befoir,
Sen scho is deid, I speik of hir no moir.

¶ FINIS.